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## FROM "MIRIAM COFFIN."

"The Grampus, on her passage from Nantucket to London, encountered a French Privateer. On account of her owner's peaceable principles, she was furnished with no fire arms. (Isaac is now Sir Isaac Coffin.)

"The Frenchman steered for, and gained gradually and steadily upon the Grampus; and the event was most anxiously looked for by all on board. The ship deeply laden as she was with oil, was of great value, and as Seth thought eminently worth preserving. But the Frenchmen were determined she should change owners, for they managed their little craft with great skill, and altered their course in chase whenever Macy changed his. The breeze was brisk and suited the schooner to a crack; while the late ship, though the fleetest of her class, could not show her heels to advantage, without a stronger wind. Macy tried his vessel upon every tack—But escape was impossible—the wedge-like schooner gained upon him at every turn.

"Now would I give the half of our cargo," said Macy, "for a few guns to speak to that saucy little scamp in his own language!" And then turning to Jethro, he said rather bitterly, "Dost thou remember, Coffin, what I told thee about the six pounders, before we left port? I fear thou wilt pay dearly enough for not taking my advice."

There comes salute number two!

A gun at that moment was fired from the Frenchman, but the shot went wide, and was most probably intended merely as a warning to have to. Seth paced the deck in great agony of spirit, muttering, as he went words that sounded very much like "damnation," and the like. The sound may have been equivocal to the ear of Jethro, for he forebore to put in his usual caution of "steer not at all!" as he was wont to do, whenever Captain Seth used obnoxious words.

The Grampus was now kept off two or three points and a foretopmast-studding sail was about being set; but, in the hurry of a moment, by some mis-hap the tack got unrove. A couple of hands were ordered aloft to rig in the boom, and reeve the tack anew. In an instant little Isaac, who heard the order, put the end of the rope between his teeth, ran up the fore-swords, crept out on the top of the fore-yard like a monkey, and then out upon the bare boom. But before he had accomplished his task, the Frenchman brought their long-iron, charged with small shot, to bear upon the yard, and let drive at Isaac; thinking, probably, that his labor might be the means of enabling the Grampus to escape. The little fellow was not disconcerted by this terrible salute, altho' the balls whistled like hail around him. He fearlessly and despatchedly went on with his work.

"They are again charging the gun!" shouted English Bill. "Come down, my boy! Creep in! Creep in! Seize one of the halliards, and let yourself down with a run!"

"Ay, ay!" cried Isaac as he finished reaving the tack. He then quickly gathered a few fathoms in his hand, threw the coil down upon the fore-castle, and the sail was immediately hoisted.—The long boom was again elevated, and the gunner was in the act of applying the match; but Isaac stopped not for the additional pepping:

"The coils ran swiftly through his glowing hands, and quick as lightning, on the deck he stands!"

"Hah!—my little yonker!—my eyes, but you're a brave 'un!—You'll be an Admiral yet!"—exclaimed English Bill, as he joyfully hugged the strapping in his bravery arms.

The prediction of Bill rang in the ears of Isaac for many a year afterwards. It was like the prophetic sound of the bells to the hearing of Whittington:

Turn again Whittington—  
Lord Mayor of great London!

The hasty strides of Seth were again arrested, by another shot, which passed through the sail over his head. He folded his arms—looked up at the rent sail—and drew up his form, as if some new purpose had taken possession of his despairing mind.

"By heaven!" said he, "I will not part with so fine a ship and cargo, without a deadly struggle!"

"Swear not!" said Jethro; "it will not help us in our strait. We may better yield quietly to the necessity. Put down thy helm, Seth, and bring the ship to."

"Yield quietly!—dost thou say? and did I understand thee aright, when thou bid me to bring the ship to?" The eyes of Seth glared wildly upon Jethro, and his nostrils distended like those of an infuriated bull at bays. "Put down the helm, indeed!—Pray neighbor Jethro,

ro, who is the commander of the Grampus?—thou or I?" demanded Seth, in high dudgeon. But he evidently availed himself of the first pretext to let off his anger, for he was waxing, ex-cedding wroth.

Jethro answered calmly: "thou surely, art her captain—and I yield all to thy discretion. Save the ship if thou canst; but if thou canst not. We have no means of defence,—and, if we had, it would not be justifiable to oppose with arms."

"Jethro!—My resolution is taken: I will save this ship, or sink in her.—What! yield to that little gradly—that gallinipper—that is scarcely larger than our longboat!"

Another shot better directed than the other, splintered a piece from the mainmast, and wounded one of the crew.

"There, Jethro! there are some of the tender mercies of the French pirate, and an earnest of what we may all expect, if taken!"

"Yield thee, Seth,—yield thee! The longer thou dost delay, so much the more hazard to the lives of the people!"

"Thou hadst better go below, Jethro—I must command here. Yield, indeed!—the ship shall sink first!" muttered Seth, as Jethro began to decent. "Stand by there, men!" shouted the captain, in a voice that made every sailor start. It was evident to all that Seth had put off the Quaker, and that prompt obedience was necessary.

"Get the longboat ready to be launched at a moment's warning—clear away the quarter boats—and see all clear to lower them in an instant. Mate, take in all the small sails quickly!"

The manner of Seth was somewhat wild, but resolute and determined; and the men and officers, having done his behest, stood wondering what command would next be issued, and whereunto these would tend that had already been executed. The Frenchman was also at fault; for, mistaking the manoeuvring of Seth for an intention to give up his ship, the schooner was hoisted, and seemed to await the lowering of the boat from the quarter of the Grampus—even as the conqueror awaits the approach of an enemy subdued, who comes to yield up his sword. In rounding to, the schooner had the advantage of the wind to the ship; and while the French crew stood agape at the management of the large vessel, which they already looked upon as a prize, Seth seized upon the helm with his brassy hand.—The men, scarcely needing the cautioning word, anticipated his intention as he put the helm up, and gave his impressive shout in a suppressed and peculiar tone, which was heard distinctly from stem to stern:

"Let go all the braces and bowlines, slack off sheets and tacks—and square the yards quickly!" This was all done in the twinkling of an eye, and Seth shaped his course as though he would bring his ship under the lee-quarter of the privateer.

After making this demonstration, which was intended to deceive the enemy, her direction was suddenly changed and her head was brought to bear directly upon the hull of the Frenchman! The crew of the schooner now discovered, but too late, the design of the Grampus; and confusion and dire amazement agitated the people upon her crowded deck. In their haste to remedy their oversight, the Frenchmen failed altogether to avert the threatened disaster.

"If thou dost intend to run her down," said Jethro to Seth, hurriedly projecting his head for a moment from the cabin gangway,—"if nay, hear me Seth!—for the sake of humanity—if thou art determined to run her down, ease thy helm a little, and give them a chance for their lives!"

"Stand by to lower the boats!" vociferated Seth, stamping furiously upon the deck. A suppressed groan of horror escaped the crew as they now more plainly conceived the design of their captain.

"The boldest held his breath for a time!"

The little schooner still lay to, in the trough of a deep sea,—her people running backwards and forwards in frightened confusion; while the huge bulk of the Grampus mounted the last high wave that separated the two vessels.

"Misericorde!" exclaimed a hundred voices.

A wild scream of despair—heard far above the noise of the element, and the dashing of ship—burst from the poor doomed Frenchman.

Down came the Grampus, thundering upon the privateer, and striking her with her plunging bow directly amidships! The frail schooner was cut directly in two by the shock; and her heavy armament, together with the irresistible force of the severing blow, bore both parts of her hull with all her inflated crew of a hundred souls, beneath the wave.

"Down with the boats from the quarter—launch the longboat!" shouted Seth. But the command, though it could not have been uttered nor executed sooner with safety, came too late. The aim of Seth, had been too fatally sure. The boats reached the spot, and narrowly escaped being sucked into the vortex where the schooner had gone down. The French crew were all sent to their long account; and the next wave left not a trace of the wreck, nor a solitary human being to be saved from a

watery death.

Thy ship and cargo were dearly ransomed, Jethro Coffin—and, Seth!—thou didst sacrifice a leucotomb of human beings for thy preservation!"

## AN AFFECTING SIGHT.

There are some odd souls in this world who appear to derive their very existence from a humorous saying or a good joke; and who, undoubtedly, would "swell up and die," if they were not permitted to indulge their waggish propensity. Ben Chatterbox, as he is called, is one of these laughter-loving joke-cracking mortals. We will quote a specimen.

Somewhere east of the Susquehanna, in this county, there is a barren, lonely spot, where no one would suspect that any thing but such quadrupeds as can "live upon the vapors of a dun-geon," would ever think of seeking a subsistence. Ben's occupation often leads him through the abode of sterility; and he, as often, has some waggish remark concerning it. After passing this place one day, Ben went home, from some cause unknown, with a countenance as grave as that of a Judge, and a "bride on the sun," led to the following dialogue between him and an old lady belonging to the house:

"What's the matter of you Ben? Are you sick or mad, that makes you so solemn all at once?"

"O, if you had seen what I did this morning, I guess you'd look solemn too."

"What have you seen, Ben?"

"A heart-rending sight, I assure you!"

"Well, what was it?—I know it must be something remarkable, or it would not effect you so—out with it, do!"

"You know that place I've told you about, that nothing can live on?"

"Yes."

"Well, as I was coming by there to-day, I saw a chipmunk sitting on a rock, gnawing a gravel-stone, and the tears rolling down his cheeks."

When he had got thus far with his story, the old woman flew at him with the broom and our hero vanished in a cloud of laughter.—  
[Bradford Argus.]

From the New Monthly Magazine.

## MACHINERY OF CRIME IN ENGLAND.

A contemporary publication, the "United Service Journal," in two articles of considerable power, has exposed the flagitious character of what is vulgarly called the "prize ring" or "fancy" of pugilism. That publication has laid bare the nefarious crimes of pugilists, with their legal consequences, the gallows or the jail; and it has as ably exposed, that which the glib public imagine to be fights, are merely mock exhibitions, got up by the swell mob, black legs, and keepers of flash houses, solely with three views,—to swindle one class of persons by false betting,—to rob another by picking pockets,—and to give a harvest out of the general result to those expugilists who keep public houses, as forci where all the schemes are originated and matured, and where the plunder is calculated and distributed. With this part of the subject we have nothing to do. With fighters, as fighters, we have no concern. The "United Service Journal" has exposed the excessive frauds of "the ring," and the unmixt villainy or duplicity of all that are directly connected with it under the name of the FANCY. Our sole object is to depict it as the great and principal remaining source of crime—the great mocker, circumventer, and baffler of the police and magistracy. The lighters, the mock fighters, for there have been no real fighters for very many years, have found their level. Their occupation is gone—but the craft exists as a nursery, and solely as a nursery of every species of crime and offence, from the picking of a pocket, or the robbing of a hen-roost, to the burglary, the highway violence and the murder.

The United Service Journal has scrutinized and laid bare the concoction and machinery of a fight. Our subject has no relation to fighting, pugilism, the ring, or fancy—our sole object is police and moralization, and further than the ring or fancy is connected with domestic crime and offence—with the inefficiency of our magisterial system,—our article has no relation to the subject.

A fight, or what is called a fight,—for there has been no real fight for very many years, and never can be again, a bona fide fight,—is got up by three classes of persons:—the low black legs, the swell mob, and those expugilists, and others, who keep gambling-houses, brothels, and flash houses. The game of the respective parties is manifest. The object of the black legs is to take in the flats, which they do superbly; to take in each other as far as they can, and this can involve immense ramifications of which the public is not aware. The object of the swell mob is, of course, merely the picking of pockets, with its collateralisms of highway robbery, violence, and swindling in all its grades and degrees. Of course the flash pugilist-keeper, altho' always an expugilist, makes the common harvest of all. All the schemes, from beginning to end, are concocted on his premises; who ever side may win or lose, he is sure to be the gainer, merely by keeping the den of accommodation, by supply-

ing liquor, not to the fancy, for they, of course, are wary, but to the dupes of the fancy, who are plied plentifully. The one side must have cool heads and full stomachs, the other inflamed brains and eventually empty pockets. To these dens of infamy all persons of propense nature to crimes resort, in order to find companions, friends, instructors, trainers, and capitalists or master thieves to direct their labours, to afford them the field of exertion, to employ their services in subordinate grades, or to advance them the capital or means of their trade.

On this point the conduct of the magistracy is extraordinary. Every thing connected with the ring is so exclusively the germ, seminary, college and hospital of crime, that ever the sporting matches in the Five courts and Tennis courts of London the magistrates were obliged to suppress. These muffled mockeries were turned to good account by the Knights of the Post. The tradesmen and respectable householders in the neighborhood of these exhibitions were so injured by them, and exposed to depredations, that the police were implored to suppress them, by persons who wrote anonymously, and who candidly confessed that they dared not appear individually or collectively, so dangerous was it to be obnoxious to these wretches. At one of the last of these exhibitions near the Haymarket, the new police lined the approaches to the place of offence. They thus protected passengers, defended the neighbouring shops, and they even entered the court and took into custody several of the pickpockets who were at their vocations. The magistrates forthwith suppressed the cloada of crimes.—After this virtue and vigor, it is possible to be believed, that the expugilists and other keepers of such public houses, advertised that these sparring-matches would take place at their respective rooms?—and in those rooms are they carried on to this day by advertisement, and without any interference of the magistrates, though the magistrates are the licensors of such houses. The evil has been increased a thousand fold; whilst these exhibitions took place, at certain intervals, and en masse at certain places, the foci could be under the surveillance of the police; but now that they are carried on in private rooms, in innumerable public-houses, and at night, they are beyond the cognizance of the police; and even the dread of a certain degree of publicity, the greatest of all checks to crime and of protection to the public, is now removed.

After all means of defrauding the public at the flash-houses are exhausted, after sporting papers have exhausted puffs and paragraphs, the locality of a fight is fixed. The first travelers (before the Anatomy bill was passed) used to be the resurrection men, in their light carts. They pitched upon the graves they intended to rob after the fight. At the fight they made money by letting out their carts for spectators of the fight to stand in, and on their way home they plundered all poultry-yards, and all honest old dames who were so innocent as to hang out linen in the line that the fancy had to travel. The immense number of thieves of every description that repair to the fights with these light carts is often wonderful. They always come home full of stolen property.

The person employed to make the ring or erect the stage, is the Commissary general. When a waste ground or common cannot be found, a field is hired of a farmer, who is never or very seldom paid, and if he insists on his money he gets unmercifully beaten. The claim is resisted on the plea that the ground was let out for an illegal object. At the second fight between Ned O'Neil and Jem Burn, near Ascot, the farmer shut the gate, and would not let the boxer out of the field until he received the money agreed upon. He was immediately knocked down cruelly beaten, and left insensible on the earth.

The next operation, after hiring the ground, is to hire wagons. Fights that are attractive are attended by many, who, for personal safety from thieves, and from a dislike to mix with the butchers, scavengers and filthy wretches that compose a majority of the mob, will pay from 2s. 6d., to 10s. for a standing place in a cart to see the fight, a line of vehicles always forming the outer ring. The farmers and neighboring hucksters that let out their carts on such occasions seldom get paid, and often experience brutal violence if they demand their money.—At a fight at Virginia Water, a pugilist, in cant language a leading member of the wagon train, applied to a farmer for the hire of his wagon for the ensuing day. The farmer insisted on his having the hire first—a sovereign;—the pugilist readily consented, provided the farmer signed a receipt. The pugilist drew up the receipt as follows:—"I, A. B., do hereby agree to let you, B. C. have my wagon for one sovereign hereby received." Immediately after the fight, the farmer saw his boxing-thief friend going off to London with his wagon. In great alarm, he demanded his vehicle—"Your wagon, you!" replied the scoundrel, with a very horrible epithet—"it is my wagon, you sold it to me, and I have the written agreement." After a great deal of dispute, the rogue consented to let the farmer have his wagon on his paying two sovereigns. This robbery was well known to the sporting press, but was never exposed or mentioned. It is boasted of to this

day as one of the cleverest tricks of the wagon train.

At all fights, robberies are perpetrated by organized gangs of thieves, who walk round the ring and pick pockets, or knock people down, without the slightest attempt at concealment. Whenever any resistance is offered, the person who would defend his property is knocked down by fist or bludgeon, or the dreadful clasp knife called a *shiv* is exposed and used if necessary. Every thief carries this instrument of terrorism, mutilation, or murder. It is a large clasp knife, with a catch spring at the back, which prevents the blade's closing, and thus forms a complete dagger. We have seen at a fight, more than twelve persons knocked down at once, and with the thieves upon them rifling their fobs and pockets, and then proceeding to serve others in the same way; and this in the presence of the county magistrates and Bow-street officers, who have been present as amateur spectators of the fight. The reporters of the press have been robbed in a similar manner. The thieves know that the magistrates give them thorough impunity, for when a robbed or beaten person applies to the bench for a warrant, the magistrate's answer is, "You had no business there—you were engaged in a breach of the peace, so you must take the consequences." Notwithstanding this, this very magistrate has suffered the fight to be got up in his own district, has had full cognizance of all the parties and of all the preparations, and may have even been present at the combat.

At the fight, or rather intended fight, at Royton between Josh. Hudson and Phil. Sampson, there was an immense concourse of all classes, and the young gentlemen from the university were very numerous and very conspicuous on the occasion. The field had been hired of a farmer, and it had but one gate or entrance. At this gate were placed several of the fighters, with large money boxes, with silts at the top, and they demanded 1s. from every person on foot, and 2s. 6d. from every mounted person that entered the field.—Persons, in the hurry and excitement of the occasion, pulled out handfuls of gold and silver mixed, or took out long and well-filled purses, and many of the Counts in particular gave double quadruple the admission required. The fee being paid, they had to pass through a group of several dozen of the pugilists, who, of course, did not molest them.—Half a dozen yards farther on, they had to pass through two large gangs of the swell mob, the east-end mob, and the west end mob, the captains of which were pugilists. The east-end were now by far the most desperate. The gentry, farmers, and others were now surrounded, hustled, and *lyted*, i. e. robbed, of watch, purse, and every thing they had about them. Those who made a serious resistance were felled to the earth by desperate blows of heavy bludgeons, and often beaten cruelly. Others, whose resistance was not of a serious character, were kicked ludicrously, but severely kicked, for their pains. More plunder was collected on this occasion than on almost any other known. The Counts were not only beaten, kicked, and plundered, but they were deprived of the classic, refined enjoyment of seeing two naked ruffians bruise and mangle each other for hire. The fight was a cross, connected with a horse-racing robbery; and as the thief was discovered, the fight did not take place.

At a fight at Virginia Water, between O'Neil and Ned Baldwin, robbery was carried on by the wholesale. Every man who attempted to protect his watch or fob had a bludgeon laid over his head, and some of the gashes and bruises were dreadful. At last a large body of countrymen, who witnessed the scene, armed themselves with stakes, staves, whips, and whatever weapons they could find, and attacked the thieves with fury. But the swell mob were more numerous; they were more used to fighting, and were of more desperate natures, they were better tacticians, and fought in union. The countrymen were woefully beaten, and the robbery was resumed with increased vigour. Though the harvest had been so immense, the thieves were not satisfied with the booty they got on the ground, but they actually dispersed themselves in small corps through the long lanes that led from the field of combat to the night road, and they stopped every gig, carriage, cart, and vehicle of every description, as well as all foot passengers, and actually committed highway robberies by the hundred, and this in open day; and not a single instance occurred of one of the wretches being brought to justice; nor did a single pugilist offer to protect any person that was assaulted.

In order to give the reader some faint idea of the enormous plunder collected by these gangs, we must relate that, at the celebrated night which took place in Shropshire, between Brown of Bridgeforth, and Phil. Sampson, about eighty thousand persons were collected on the ground. There were more than twenty thousand people beyond the outside line of wagons, not one of whom by any possibility could get the slightest view of the fight. About five hundred of the Birmingham thieves were on the ground, armed with bludgeons, and even the London thieves were astonished at their ruffianism. At the fifth round of the fight, the ring was purposely broken, in order to create confusion for the thieves, and the scene became



terrible, almost beyond imagination. The whole of this immense and ruffianly assembly was mixed indiscriminately, and in a state of violence and fury. Some were rushing forward in hopes to get a sight of the combat, others were flying in terror to avoid the fierce struggles of the multitude; and amidst all the horrors of the confusion, for more than an hour and a half, the Birmingham thieves were rapidly knocking people down with their bludgeons and plundering them. The London thieves were equally active, but they were by far less cruel in their inflictions of injuries. So profusely had money flown about the ring, that one celebrated pugilist, himself the captain of a swell mob, actually received upwards of 60*l*. chiefly in silver, for standing money in his wages.

No reporter dared take notice of the violent robberies perpetrated at fights. We have known a reporter obliged to fly for his life, merely for warning a friend that the thieves were surrounding him. On one occasion, a reporter, having referred slightly to the conduct of the thieves at a fight, was compelled under threats of assassination, to go to a notorious flash-house, at the Mile end-road, to make his humble apology, to pledge himself never to allude to thieves or their practices any more; and he finally gave them a treat of wine, and passed a night of orgies with them, after which they were all good friends, and have continued so ever since.

But the robberies at fights and on the ground are by far the least serious of the evils. Not only on the eve of fights, and on the succeeding night, is all the line of road, and all the neighborhood, exposed to plunder, but the thieves have the opportunity of forming local connections, and of ascertaining assailable points, and they establish a wholesale system of depredations. For instance, Moulsey Hurst was the celebrated scene of these brutal exhibitions; and so many robberies and burglaries were committed in the neighborhood, so many graves were desecrated, and hen-roosts emptied, that the magistrates were obliged to prohibit fights on that spot, owing to the complaints of farmers, tradesmen, gentlemen, travelers, and every description of person.

During the frequent and horrible executions for forgery, (laws never to be revived,) prize-fights used to be the principal means which the thieves had of circulating forged papers, and keeping up the forgery trade. After the fight between Curtis and Aaron, in Hants, a forged note of very large amount was imposed upon one of the country banks. Three days after the celebrated fight in the north of England, the bank of the neighboring town was broken open and plundered to a large amount.

At the fights themselves, the thieves do not merely take purses and watches: we have seen them tear brooches from the necks, and rings from the fingers, and cut the clothes of people off their backs.

After a fight the compromises of felonies are innumerable. A great many of the persons robbed are apprentices, managing clerks, stewards, agents, and others, whose characters would be ruined, if, by the loss of watches, &c. it were to be supposed that they had been at one of those infamous scenes. We recollect that after the fight at Noman's land, Herts, a gallant captain entered a public-house which was full of thieves and fighting men. He exclaimed, "I have been robbed of thirty pounds and my gold watch; I don't care a — for the money, but I must have the watch." The watch at that moment, with many others, was in the possession of one of the most celebrated pugilists and thieves, who restored it to its owner for a certain sum.

When the thieves and pugilists fall out, for rogues do not often, or at least always agree, the pugilists invariably have the worst of it. The herculean Cribb once threatened them, and he was soon obliged to fly from their brandished knives. The powerful pugilist, Carter, himself a transported felon, wished only to prevent the thieves breaking the ring, at the cross fight between Curtis and Perkins, and he was unmercifully punished by reiterated blows of the thieves' bludgeons. We have even seen the powerful Ned Baldwin, who, among pugilists, was "the bravest of the brave," fly from the thieves in terror, and screaming like a child.

Having thus given a few, and very few, of the elements of prize-fighting, we come to the truly astounding part of our subject. How is it possible that the magistrates can tolerate this dreadful hot-bed of all existing crimes?

The magistrates cannot plead ignorance of these fights, nor of the scenes that take place at them. We have seen both the magistrates and Bow-street officers at fights, and eyewitnesses of the robberies we have described. We have known magistrates, who have been robbed at fights, to have their watches and purses politely restored to them, in gratitude for their permitting such exhibitions. At the fatal fight at which the pugilist Mackey was so foully murdered, (at Newport Pagnell,) one of our most celebrated Bow-street officers was present at the exhibition. The Lord Lieutenant of the county, the Duke of —, was determined that such a villainous scene as a prize-fight should not take place, as formerly, on his estate, or within his district. He accordingly applied to Sir Richard Birne, who sent an officer down to stop the fight. This officer, of course, told the thieves and pugilists that they must not carry on their game on the spot intended, but he informed them where they might carry it on; and at that fight, at which Mackey was murdered, that officer was a look-man; he had been sacrificed, the magistrates of that locality at least would have suppressed

such scenes of murder, outrage, and plunder; and yet a recent fight has been got up in that neighborhood, at which one of the seconds was a notorious Dutch pugilist, then actually under his recognizance to keep the peace. When this man, a brothel-keeper, was bound over to the peace, the magistrates (of Shropshire) actually apologized to him for being obliged to execute their duty. With matchless effrontery the flash sporting or fighting press not only publishes their apology, but forthwith advertises a fight between this Jew and another prize-fighter; and every week it advertises the night and hour at which betting, and all other preliminaries of a fight, are to be settled, at certain specified public-houses, kept by expugilists.

For months before a fight takes place, it is advertised every Sunday in the newspapers of the fighters. Even the public-houses at which the men are sent to train are ostentatiously advertised, and yet the licensing and other magistrates permit these convocations of desperate characters. On one occasion, in Middlesex, a respectable tradesman wrote to the magistrates, describing the outrages to property, and the demoralization among the servants and laborers, which these fights had inflicted upon him and his neighbors; and he implored the magistrates to prevent an approaching combat. He added that his letter was anonymous, for he dared not sign his name, in terror of these ruffians. The magistrate immediately took this letter to one of the men in training, asked him if he knew the hand, and left the letter with the rascal, that he might show it to the ring or fancy, in order to trace the writer. This worthy magistrate little knew, that had the writer been discovered, his property, and most probably his life, would have been the sacrifice. On another occasion, in a county contiguous to London, the clergy, were not in the commission of the peace, at —, wrote to a lay magistrate, requesting him to prohibit a fight which had been advertised to take place at —. The magistrate, an amateur-pugilist, immediately wrote to an expugilist, the keeper of a flash-house, to the following effect:—"The — clergy want you to fight here, on account of the robberies, &c. committed at the last fight. You come down here too often—don't come here for some time, and when you do come, do, for God's sake, bring us a good fight, for the last was —." Another magistrate, in another county, was called on by the inhabitants to do his duty and prohibit an intended fight. He accordingly wrote to one of the fighters, who was then in training, and who is one of the most notorious burglars in England. He concluded his letter thus:—"You cannot fight within my jurisdiction, but go to —, and you'll find all right." Once, as a magistrate entered a crowd to prohibit a fight that was commencing, he was hustled by the thieves, and released of his watch and purse. But as the thieves and fighters wish to keep in with magistrates, as soon as they found who and what he was, they apologized, and restored to him his property; and this was actually boasted of in the sporting or fighting paper.

At Whetstone, thieves' fights, fights for 5*l*. or 10*l*., got up exclusively by thieves, without any connexion with the pugilist's ring, or fancy, but on their credit, used to take place in rapid succession. The horrible murder of Thompson, by an Irish mob at a fight, took place at this spot. On one occasion the inhabitants shut up their houses in terror, and a body of hungry thieves surrounded a baker's house, broke it open, and plundered him of every particle of bread on the premises. Notwithstanding this incessant succession of riot, plunder, and murder, it was long before the magistracy attempted to suppress the exhibition.

A fight was to have taken place at Wolverhampton, between a pugilist & Byrne, who killed Mackey, and who was killed at last by Burke. Owing to the interference of the clergy, the fighters and thieves were balked, and they departed for Shropshire, where a spot was selected for the stage. The stage was five feet high, but whilst it was erecting, the clergyman of the parish accompanied by a magistrate entered the ground, to prohibit the brutal fight. They had entered the dense mass of Staffordshire colliers, amidst the hootings and blasphemous execrations of these desperate men, and at last came to the crowd of thieves that surrounded the stage. Here they were hustled, robbed, and then permitted, in derision, to approach the stage; but immediately after they had arrived at it some powerful wretches seized the old man, and violently pressed his throat against the edge of the stage or flooring, with a view to strangle him. His face became purple, his eyes were starting out of his head, and his swollen tongue was forced out of his mouth. Whilst the wretches were thus effecting their horrible purpose, the thieves were thrusting their hands under the arms, or over the shoulders of those who held him, and were tearing out his hair by handfuls. The two gentlemen, by the humane assistance of some amateurs, were rescued, and they escaped with their clothes torn off their backs.

A pugilist has three goals to his ambition and cupidity:—to keep a brothel; to keep a petty public-house, the resort of his ring connections, and a place for concealing fights, &c. with all their collateral villanies. That the magistrates should license such men in such houses is truly wonderful, but it is almost incredible that they should license them notwithstanding the complaints of the neighborhood as Mackey was murdered, that officer was a look-man; he had been sacrificed, the magistrates of that locality at least would have suppressed

very many times, the fights take place on the very site of previous murders and robberies, in the vicinage where the magistrates themselves have been maltreated and robbed. The fights are described with disgusting ribaldry in the low, profligate, sporting press; the thieves, felons, and pugilists who attended the fights are set forth in pompous array, and new fights are advertised immediately that the plunder of the previous exhibition has been distributed at these public-houses.

The following communication is worthy the attention of our readers particularly in this section of the State and in New-Hampshire.

#### INTERNAL IMPROVEMENT.

During a recent tour through the White Mountains region, one of the chief objects of inquiry, was to ascertain the best possible route for establishing a line of inter-communication, between this city and Lancaster; as the road through the North presents insuperable difficulties, from the precipitous descent between the summit-level, near Thomas Crawford's and the Wiley House. No labour or expense can be applied, which will reduce the activity so much as to render the road eligible for the transportation of heavy loads from the sea coast to the interior, there being a fall of seven hundred feet in ten miles; and if that height was equally distributed in one extended inclined-plane, the ascent would be seventy feet to the mile, when, even for a short distance, thirty feet is considered a very serious objection, in the selection of a site for the location of a road. But from the peculiar topographical features of that wonderful gorge a continuous and uniform gradation of the road-bed is impracticable, and it must be broken up into numerous acclivities, of more than one hundred feet ascent in the mile.

How was this formidable obstruction to be avoided? was a question often asked by those, who felt the deepest interest in the reciprocal prosperity of the commercial emporium of Maine, and that vast district of the country, which was wanted by the tributaries of the Connecticut and Androscoggin rivers. With a view of collecting facts, which might tend to facilitate the solution of this important problem, a journey of exploration was undertaken, in the expectation that a route could be found north of Mount Washington, which would be more favorable than the other; and this was induced, as presented by Carrigan's excellent map of N. Hampshire. Those expectations were fully verified by actual examinations.

The road pursued from this city was through Windham, Raymond, Naples, Harrison, Waterford, Albany, Bethel, Gilead, Shelburne, Randolph, Kilkenny, and Jefferson, to Lancaster; and even this,—new and imperfect, as is a considerable portion of it, is a preferable route to that through the North, and within two years past, has been much traveled by the Vermont teams,—especially during the winter. But a road can be made from Connecticut river, in this direction, which will not be obstructed by a single hill, and ultimately will be opened, as the great thoroughfare for trade and intercourse between Portland and the north western parts of N. Hampshire and north eastern portion of Vermont.

Commencing in the village of Lancaster, the road will pass up the valley of Israel river, to the centre of the southern part of Randolph, whence that stream interlocks with Moose river, in the plain, or interval southwest of Bowma's tavern; thence down the valley of Moose river to its confluence with the Androscoggin; thence on the margin of that river to Bethel; thence to the pond in the northern part of Albany, which is the source of Crooked river, and down the valley of that river to near its junction with the outlet of Long and Brandy Ponds, into Sebago lake; thence through Raymond, and the western part of Windham to the outlet of Sebago lake, and down its valley to the Presumpscot, and thence nearly in the direction of the Canal to Portland. Nature appears to have designated this course, for the chief line of intercommunication, either by road, a railway, or canal, or by all them for a greater portion of the distance.

Such are the facilities afforded for a good road in this direction, that the existing one could be made infinitely superior to any other now used, at a comparatively small expense, by avoiding a few hills, in Lancaster, Jefferson, Randolph, along the bank of the Androscoggin, others in Albany, one or two in Waterford, and some of no great extent in the other towns. But it would be better to have an entire new road laid out, at once, the whole distance, including only so much of the existing one, as is located on the edge of the level intervals, which border the water courses that have been named. This could be gradually opened for travel, and in a few years would be inevitably completed; for the zeal and enterprise of the inhabitants, on the route, has been most conspicuously evinced, in the commendable efforts which they have already made to render their highways practicable. It will pass through a flourishing agricultural section of country, which is rapidly expanding in consequence, from the variety and quantity of products which it affords for market, besides those which the vast primal forest yield. There are no better farms in the State than Harrison presents, and the village recently commenced at the north eastern extremity of Long Pond, cannot fail of becoming one of the largest and most wealthy between Portland and Lancaster. Besides its favorable location at the head of Canal navigation, there is a perennial stream passing thro' it, which affords a fall of 30 feet, which have been erected a saw mill, a grist mill of two run of stones, with bolts for flour, and a wire manufactory.

This water-power is capable of driving a great variety of machinery, and must ultimately render the beautiful village of Harrison a most excellent site for numerous kinds of manufacturing establishments, as the raw materials and finished goods can be transported to and from the factories by the canal boats.

The banks of the Androscoggin, as well as those of Moose and Israel rivers are bordered by rich intervals, much of which is now under high cultivation, producing abundant crops of wheat, barley, rye, corn, millet, flax, and hay. Barren, cold and unpromising as that region has been considered, where tower aloft the American Alps, there is much excellent land for tillage, and farms are extending up the flanks of the mountains, from the margins of the countless streams which meander through their lengthened vales and deep gorges, and will soon present thickly populated belts of country, of from one to two miles wide, bordered by the majestic forests of timber trees, which reach to the summits of all, save some of the highest peaks of the mountains. There, in a few years, will be produced such vast quantities of beef, pork, mutton, butter, cheese, tallow, lard, hides and wool, besides numerous articles of manufacture,—which hundreds of waterfalls will call into existence, as to require a road for their transportation to market, as perfect in location and construction as any in the Union. How important is it then, that the citizens of Portland should not only feel a deep interest in whatever may advance the general prosperity of the interior; for on that their own depends; but that they should evince it, by liberal contributions to the general expense of forming a practical, safe and expeditious line of travel, at all seasons of the year; and not leave their hardy, enterprising, industrious and best customers to the precarious and hazardous alternative of winter transportation, for their articles destined for market, as well as those, which they receive in exchange on the shores of the ocean. What has already been accomplished by the adventurous citizens of the interior, in the construction of roads, is wonderful, entitles them to the highest commendation, when the difficulties to be encountered, and their limited means are considered. In no part of the United States, has there been displayed such a determined spirit for internal improvement, and if generously seconded, by their fellow citizens of Portland, sure and great will be the reward of all.

There are other roads about being opened, which will render the existing one, through the notch, of less consequence, for general traffic; still it will ever be much traveled by the immense concourse of persons, from all parts of the union, who will annually visit the White Mountains, to behold the sublime, picturesque and beautiful scenery which they afford. A bold, daring and adventurous man in Jackson, by the name of Pinkham—the Daniel Boone of the hill-country, obtained last spring from the Legislature of New Hampshire, a charter for constructing a turn-pike road from Randolph to Jackson, which will shorten the distance between Lancaster and Bartlett from twelve to fifteen miles. It will pass down the valley of Moose river, some two or three miles, then cross into that of a stream which has its source near the northern bounds of Jackson, thence up that stream and over to Ellis river, and down the valley of that river to its junction with the Saco in Bartlett about two miles west of Pondexter's tavern. This road is to be commenced immediately, provided the stock can be disposed of. The estimated expense is five thousand dollars. The merchants of the great sea port of the state, it is confidently believed, will not be indifferent to an undertaking, which will be so directly beneficial to themselves, and tend so directly to advance the commercial and general prosperity of the whole community.

The approach to the summit of Mount Washington is so easy from Pinkham's farm in Jackson, that that he has ascended and returned in three hours; and he has marked out a route by small piles of stones, where horse-path can be constructed, and which will be done, as soon as the turnpike is finished.

In connexion with the turnpike through Jackson, it is proper to state, that the patriotic citizens of Fryeburg have not been inattentive to their interests, or wanting in public spirit, and after great exertions have had a new road laid out, from that town to the village of Bridgeton, situated at the north west extremity of Long Pond, by which the distance will be lessened about five miles, and the route nearly level.

When these two roads are completed, the route from Lancaster, via Randolph, Jackson, Bartlett, Fryeburg, Bridgeton, Naples, and Windham to Portland, will be the shortest, least hilly, and most eligible of any travelled between Connecticut river and this city. Still, the road by the way of the Androscoggin, Waterford and Harrison to Naples, if some improvements are made, by which several hills shall be avoided, will be preferable.

It is not improbable, that the waters of the Androscoggin may be united with those of Crooked river, and the canal navigation thereby extended from Portland to Bethel. It would require a lockage of only thirteen feet from the Androscoggin up to the pond which is the source of Crooked river, and within a quarter of a mile of which the former river can be made to flow, by a shallow cut, for a distance, through interval land. Thus even without any canal, and by the mere construction of a lock, logs from lakes Umbagog, Moosetaquintik and the other tributaries of the Androscoggin could be sent down to Sebago Lake, and thence to the mills at Saccarappa.

There is a grand project to be carried into effect, at some future day, by the citizens of Fryeburg, which merits notice. By a cut of only a mile in extent, and this through sand,

where the greatest depth will not be over thirty feet, the course of the Saco can be turned from a circuit of thirty miles and make to pass through the village, yielding a fall of NINETEEN FEET, thus furnishing a water power capable of propelling the machinery of numerous manufacturing establishments.

The same spirit of enterprise which has created Lowell, will one day call forth this latent treasure and make Fryeburg, the Manchester of the East.

#### OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, SEPTEMBER 23, 1834.

We have not published the returns of votes for member of Congress in this district, or of the Senators in this county, because we found them to correspond so nearly with the vote for Governor in the towns from which we have heard, that it would be a useless repetition. Each of the democratic candidates are elected by an overwhelming majority. So far as we have been able to obtain the returns, it is pretty certain, that there is no choice of County Treasurer. Since our last we have received returns from but two or three towns, which serve to increase the democratic majority. In the returns published, we gave Weld credit, or rather charged them with 15 federal votes more than they gave. Newry gave 56 to 5 for the cause of democracy, and there are some towns and plantations from which we have not heard. Now that the result is certain, we shall wait for the official returns. Dunlap's majority will be considerably increased from last year. There are fifteen democratic Senators elected, seven federal, and three districts where the result has not been ascertained. In the House, our majority will be about twenty. The federalists have elected a Representative to Congress in the place of Mr. Kavanaugh.

In 1830, the democratic party elected their Governor in this State, by a small majority. Since that time we have carried the elections every year. The federalists since that time have had a great gain yearly, and now our majority is much greater than it was then. The federalists derive so much consolation from a defeat, and appear to enjoy it so much, and to be so encouraged thereby, that it would be a great pity for them to triumph. They brought out their whole strength this year and received much assistance from the anti-masonic party, and yet, Gov. Dunlap's majority is increased a thousand more, and now they tell their readers that they will beat next time. Before the election, their papers prophesied victory, and told the people that a few votes would give it. Now they say that the real Jackson majority last year was eleven thousand. They are so toned by defeat as to stoop from their flights of imagination, and we find several statements have recently crept into their papers which wear the appearance of truth. They tell their readers that if Mr. Sprague had received votes enough he would have been elected; and the Kennebec papers are strong in the belief that if all the other Counties had given as large a federal majority as Kennebec, Mr. Sprague would have been chosen. This must be very consoling to their friends, particularly those who were foolish enough to bet on their predictions. Seriously, it is disgraceful for a party all whose predictions have been falsified by the result, to thus attempt to conceal their devious overthrow, for the purpose of producing an effect abroad. Here it is well understood, and acknowledged, but they undoubtedly hope to keep up the spirit of their friends elsewhere by representing a defeat as a triumph.

We notice in the last Jeffersonian, an insinuation that twenty-eight votes in the town of Buckfield were thrown for Mr. Ruggles by those who voted for Mr. Dunlap last year. Perhaps the Jeffersonian may know each of these individuals, and for whom they voted last year. Without pretending to such accurate information, we are assured that the insinuation, (for it is not a direct assertion) of the Jeffersonian is untrue, that nearly all if not every individual who voted for Mr. Ruggles this year, did not vote for Mr. Dunlap last year. The fact probably was, that the exertions made there last year to prevent our friends from voting for Mr. Dunlap, had not wholly lost their effect at the late election. We should not have adverted to this subject but for the purpose of preventing erroneous impressions.

The Kennebec Journal says, "We are much inclined to the opinion that the ballot box should be dispensed with, and every man's vote be recorded opposite his name, as they do at the South." This is not the first time we have heard this gentleman advanced by the federal party. They fear the unbiased votes of the people. The ballot box is too much beyond their control to suit their purpose. They claim to possess the wealthy, talents and religion of the country, and yet the people dare to oppose them. We have heard of many instances during the late election where they endeavored to control the votes of those in their employ, and even threatened to dismiss those who refused to vote for the federal candidates. Take away the ballot box and then the aristocrats would be able to know the vote given by every one who was in any way dependent on them, and could punish those who dared to act in opposition to their control. Now every man can vote as he pleases, nor is he obliged to disclose his preference to any one. Ours is the most truly republican mind devised, for the expression of public opinion, and we hope never to see it trampled by undue influence.

The latest returns which we have seen, give Dunlap a plurality of about four thousand.

John Hensley, (democratic) is chosen representative from Canaan and Jay. In the district composed of Weld, Carthage, &c. there is no choice.

The federal Advertiser says, that there were more votes given in the town of Oxford, than there are voters in the town. The fact is that the number of voters on the list, is over two hundred and thirty. The number of votes given was two hundred and twenty-two.

Last year, Dunlap's plurality was between two and three thousand. This year it is much larger, and yet the federalists say they have gained 7 or 8 thousand.

The following Letter from Mr. Rush, was addressed by that gentleman to a committee of democratic citizens of Mercer County, Pennsylvania, and was written in reply to a communication from them conveying to him a resolution passed at a democratic meeting, expressing a deep sense of his honorable and patriotic conduct in relation to the Bank of the United States. Confining from this source it does, it

will arrest hope, by it applies Rush has political ward to country is exposed Bank is Seydenh Gentle terday, yo forming o the differ on the 23 ing candi cratic par the appro I have pu United St which yo very grate and grate The ser some of the political ci own bosom bank or n It must b They tenci disease pr low fever, an eminen wears tis is now trul ical epidem pleure. L not only d questions s than this: ough to fi be able to feelings, an selves in'o be able now fy thing of the enire pleasure. results, unna tained by it up. It will right to spe ing the pubi crusade agt It calls t having been position, in Congress, t Of course i lar crusade like provoc against the handle any for example state banks, er to "crush In fact, it pro that the spie tion to hunt terfeters, w ready to luo ing out opioi yer, by a tyu er, by a tyu isting in any amount of impio, res but merely to I cannot i will ever sub ous a misrul letter, I s and so many o citizens, attai ic truth in go illustrated, it control over to employ, i rate funds as trated the fu responsible affairs from my opinion, ways. On e ers, I regard individuals, n cion to rou to extirpate such be the which, on ac that on its i will be fight money as the I shall hold born to our l Renewing and the hon gentlemen, w servant and To Wm. Kerr, Esq. Vict The unpa mooracy of and unpurch that State, i ter disappoint ed among th enissaries s Egypt—they bribed; but great mass of care of their bought nor in ough to di ciples of De



will arrest the attention of the reader, and, we hope, be seriously considered by all to whom it applies. It should be remembered that Mr. Rush has entirely withdrawn from the arena of political life, and is only induced to come forward to the support of the true interests of the country by the imminent danger, to which they are exposed by the corrupting influence of the Bank.—*Saco Democrat.*

Seydenham, near Philadelphia, July 10, 1834.  
Gentlemen:—I received the day before yesterday, your obliging letter of the 2d inst. informing me that a convention of delegates from the different townships in Mercer county, held on the 23d of June, for the purpose of nominating candidates to be supported by the democratic party, a resolution was passed expressing the approbation of the convention at the course I have pursued in relation to the Bank of the United States. The resolution, a copy of which you subjoin, is in terms that I feel, to be very flattering, and beg to return my sincere and grateful thanks to the convention.

The sentiments contained in your letter on some of the important features of the present political crisis, are such as find an echo in my own bosom. As you remark, "the issue of 'bank or no bank' is forced on the nation." It must be met at the approaching elections. They teach in medicine, that when a formidable disease prevails a country, as a plague or yellow fever, all other diseases partake of it, or as an eminent physician has expressed himself, "wears its livery." What is true in medicine, is no true in politics. The Bank is the political epidemic. All other questions wear its livery. Let those who defend it succeed, and not only does the bank itself succeed, but all questions supported by the bank party. More than this: If the bank shall prove powerful enough to fight its own way, it will not only be able to fight up all the other questions, and feelings, and designs, that have hitherto themselves into its chariot wheels, but it will certainly be able now and henceforth, to fight down every thing opposed to it. It will be able to shape the entire policy of the country, at its will and pleasure. This is my belief. I think that it results, unavoidably, from the positions maintained by the bank on which the issue is made up. It will be remembered, that it claims a right to spend what monies it chooses, including the public funds lent to it on deposit, in a crusade against the President.

It calls this crusade self defence, the attack having been the President's constitutional opposition, in his veto and other messages to Congress, to the renewal of the bank's charter. Of course it may and would embark in a similar crusade against any and all others, giving like provocation; that is, expressing opinions against the renewal of its charter. It might so handle any of the state governments, our own for example, when provoking it: or any of the state banks, all of which it has avowed its power to "crush," and would we may infer "crush," in fact, it provoked. It hardly need be added, that the spirit which proclaims its determination to hunt down Presidents, even like counterfeits, will, *a fortiori*, as lawyers say, be ready to hunt down all private persons venturing on opinions against the renewal of the charter. Thus, we all shall be persecuted together, by a tyranny the most odious perhaps existing in any country, in alliance with the same amount of pecuniary means, an interposition in imperio, responsible not to the people at large, but merely to its own body of stockholders.

I cannot think the freemen of this country, will ever submit to so dangerous as well as odious a misrule, and referring to a part of your letter, I shall be surprised if anti-masons do, so many of whom I believe to be pure minded citizens, attached to the principles of democratic truth in government. For, has not the bank illustrated, to the utmost, an unlawful claim of control over the press, by avowing its purpose to employ, to that end, as much of its corporate funds as it pleases? And has it not illustrated the full dangers of a secret, as well as irresponsible institution, by lately shrouding its affairs from the just scrutiny of the nation? In my opinion, it has done both, in aggravated ways. On these grounds, were there no others, I regard it as an engine of tyranny to individuals, and alarm to the community, sufficient to rouse the best exertions of all classes, to extirpate it effectually from the land. May such be the result of the coming elections; which, on account of the issue joined, and also that on its trial the great body of the people will be fighting an enemy loaded with bags of money as the avowed weapons of his warfare, I shall hold them to be elections of deep concern to our liberties.

Renewing my thanks for your kind letter, and the honor of your resolution, I remain, gentlemen, with great respect, your obedient servant and fellow citizen,

RICHARD RUSH.  
To Wm. Maxwell, Wm. Scott, and Joseph Kerr, Esqs.

From the Boston Post.

## Victory! Victory!!

The unparalleled victory achieved by the democracy of Maine, by the honest, unpurchased and unpurchasable Farmers and Mechanics of that State, has filled the aristocracy with bitter disappointment and dismay. They scattered among the people their largesses, while their emissaries swarmed the land like the locusts of Egypt—they boasted; they threatened, they bribed; but what has it all proved? That the great mass of the people are capable of taking care of themselves—that they neither can be bought nor intimidated, and that they have sense enough to distinguish between those great principles of Democracy, upon the ascendancy of

which depends the continuance of their independence and prosperity, and the corrupt and demoralizing sophistry which would make them the dependants of a merciless monied Oligarchy. The federalists may sneer at the "Huge Paws" of the Farmers as long as they please, but they will find that those "Huge Paws" are the "Paws" which will decide what laws shall govern the nation, and who shall administer them.

The contest in the City of Portland was very warm and animated. At an early hour on the morning of the election, almost every vehicle of transportation was in requisition—gigs and carriages marked "Smith," "Churchill," &c., were rapidly passing from one extremity of the city to the other—the old and the young, the halt and the blind, were all urged to the ballot-boxes—the federalists were confident throughout the day of electing Churchill—Portland would give one thousand majority against Smith—nine hundred at least," said they—but the count of the votes proved that Churchill brot his potatoes to a bad market, and that his majority, instead of being nine or ten hundred over his opponent, was but a little more than five hundred—then came the returns from the county towns in rapid succession, giving Smith large majorities, and proving his success beyond a doubt;—this was a most heart rending time—the pompous boasting of Churchill's friends was changed to an anxious and low inquiry of "How much did you bet? Does it beat the devil?" (To be sure it does, said a winner, but it was your own fault in nominating him.) "We are Denniss's," and that "Huge Paw" business has cost our party one thousand votes in Maine, and me one hundred dollars—I wish the Boston people had kept the money and their infernal newspapers at home—they don't know any thing about Maine, and I told you folks so."

"Pish, there's Houghton!"—"I don't care, I knew just how it would work—I wish the devil had Buckingham—how is Scarborough?" "Three hundred and eighty-four for Smith, sixty-one for Churchill!"—"It's no use—Brunswick can't bring up—we are dashed, and now I am done with politics." But we venture to predict that he is not done with politics; and that he will allow himself to be duped by such men as Peleg Sprague and his associates into the belief that "the Huge Paws" of the Farmers cannot maintain their power, and will be as certain of gaining a victory upon the first day of next September, as he was upon the first day of the present month, and find his anticipations fulfilled to about the same extent that they are now.

## THE ELECTION!

What has Poncebocot done? She has elected twelve Democrats to two Federalists, to the House, and two Democratic Senators, in the next Legislature. She has given Gov. Dunlap as large majority as she did last year; and she has sent our Representative to Congress, into Somerset County. We have made good all our promises. For the tenth time, in succession, the Eastern Republican has guessed right, in the result of general elections.

Mr. Jarvis is undoubtedly elected from the lower Congressional District, as Gov. Dunlap has a majority there of about 300; and we know of no reason why Mr. Jarvis should not have as large a vote. In Somerset, the election of Senators is doubtful. The towns to be heard from in that county, last year gave about 250 majority. Sprague now leads there about 180 votes. We have doubtless elected fifteen, and the opposition seven, Senators; and the doubtful Mr. Kavanagh has lost his election. Gov. Dunlap is elected by about 4000 plurality over Sprague, & 3000 majority over all opponents. Last year his majority was about 2200.

[Bangor Repub.

The following eloquent passage in the charge of an English Judge to a special Jury, a short time since, possesses now peculiar interest, from the late events at Charleston.—*Saco Democrat.*

It is absolutely necessary to check at its first appearance, the turbulence of unruly spirits. It is a wise, oriental proverb, that you may stop a fountain with a bodkin, which, if permitted to flow, will soon carry away a camel and its burden; or what many of you, gentlemen, have reason to know, when your rivers are filled with extraordinary floods, if the water once forms a small rill or streamlet over the top of a bank, which a single turf or spade full of earth would have stopped—if it continue to flow, in a few minutes it will become deeper, till the torrent carries away the strongest bank upon the broadest basis, and the inundation sweeps away the crop of a thousand acres; so, if the banks of the law once begin to be broken down, if the breach is not immediately repaired by the civil power, such an inundation of crime may be the consequence, that the whole power of the Government must be exerted, to stop the ruin and devastation. The Magistracy and Civil Power must be assisted and supported by all who have a just regard for their own lives, liberty and property. The constabulary staff is the ensign of English liberty: when that is broken, and trampled in the dust, we must inevitably become, either the prey of the most savage of all wild beasts, lawless men, or the most abject and degraded of slaves, viz—those of a military despotism.

A Curious Indictment. In a recent trial in one of the western states, where the district attorney is not so learned as he might be, the following was read as the first count in the indictment—First then it is charged against you, Bunce, (the clock pedlar) by young Dick Jenkins, that stands over in front of you there,

that somewhere between the fifteenth and twenty-third of June, last June was a year, you came by night to his plantation, he living at that time in De Kalb county; that you stopped the night with him, without charge, and in the morning you traded a clock to his wife for 15 dollars, and that you had not been gone two days, before the said clock began to go whizz, whizz, and commenced striking, whizzing all the while, and never stopping till it had struck clear thirty-one, since that time it will neither whizz, nor strike, nor do nothing.

[N. Y. Sun.

## MARRIED.

In Portland Mr. Joseph S. Berry, of Augusta, to Miss Eliza Ann Steele, of Portland. In Sweden, Deacon William Hazen, aged 73, to Mrs. Waterhouse, aged 29. In Shireland, Vt. Mr. Shederick Hill, of Porter, Me. to Miss Sally Gray, of the former place.

## DIED.

In Hampden, 3d inst. widow Abigail Emery, aged 72 years. In Portland, Capt. Abimalech Sargent, of Hingham, formerly of Gloucester, Mass. In Eden Mrs. Eleanor, wife of Mr. David Higgins, 2d, aged 39 years. In Freeport on the 8th inst. Mr. Micah Stockbridge, in the 88th year of his age—a soldier of the revolution.

## NOTICE.

All persons indebted to the subscriber, by Note or account, or who are indebted to him, are requested to call and settle immediately, or his demands will be left with an attorney for collection. SAMUEL J. DURELL. South Paris, Sept. 20, 1834.

A Court of Probate held at Rumford within and for the County of Oxford, on the fifteenth day of September in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-four.

JOHN ROLFE Administrator of the estate of JOHN ABBOT, late of Andover, in said County, deceased, representing that the personal estate which he owed at the time of his death by the sum of seven hundred and fifty dollars, and praying for a license to sell and convey so much of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary for the payment of said debts and incidental charges.

ORDERED, That the petitioner give notice thereof to the heirs of said deceased and to all persons interested in said estate, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the third Tuesday of October next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

STEPHEN EMERY, Judge. Copy Attest: JOSEPH G. COLB, Register.

A Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the fourth Tuesday of August in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-four.

JOHN R. KEITH Administrator of the estate of CYRUS SHAW late of Oxford, in said County, deceased, representing his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased, and also his own private account against said estate.

ORDERED, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the third Tuesday of October next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

STEPHEN EMERY, Judge. Copy Attest: JOSEPH G. COLB, Register.

A Court of Probate held at Turner within and for the County of Oxford, on the eighteenth day of September in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-four.

JOHN R. KEITH Administrator of the estate of AZOR BARRELL, Administrator of the estate of ISACHAR LEAVITT late of Turner, in said County, deceased, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts which he owed at the time of his death by the sum of two hundred and seventy-six dollars and sixty cents, and that by a partial sale of the real estate he would be greatly injured, and praying for a license to sell and convey the whole of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of said debts and incidental charges.

ORDERED, That the petitioner give notice to the heirs of said deceased, and to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the third Tuesday of October next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

STEPHEN EMERY, Judge. Copy Attest: JOSEPH G. COLB, Register.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned that she has been duly appointed and taken upon herself the trust of Administrator on the estate of WILLIAM K. PORTER.

late of Turner, in the County of Oxford, Esquire, deceased, by giving bonds as the law directs—She therefore requests all persons who are indebted to said deceased, or who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to her.

Turner, Sept. 18, 1834. SOPHONIA PORTER. 3 w 6

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator on the estate of JAMES WHITE.

late of Dixfield, in the County of Oxford, deceased, by giving bonds as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to said deceased, or who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to him.

Dixfield, Sept. 16, 1834. RAND WHITE. 3 w 6

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Executor of the last Will and Testament of WILLIAM MORSE, Jr.

late of Waterford, in the County of Oxford, Gentleman, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to said deceased, or who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to him.

Waterford, Sept. 15, 1834. LEWIS JEWELL. 3 w 6

At a Court of Probate held at Rumford within and for the County of Oxford on the fifteenth day of September in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-four.

JOSEPH RICHARDSON named Executrix in a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of JOHN RICHARDSON, late of Weld, in said County, deceased, having presented the same for probate:

ORDERED, That the said Sarah give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the third Tuesday of October next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last will and testament of said deceased.

STEPHEN EMERY, Judge. Copy Attest: JOSEPH G. COLB, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Livermore within and for the County of Oxford, on the seventeenth day of September in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-four.

JOSEPH COBB Administrator on the estate of deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased—

ORDERED, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the third Tuesday of October next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

STEPHEN EMERY, Judge. Copy Attest: JOSEPH G. COLB, Register.

To the Hon. County Commissioners for the County of Oxford, at their Session begun and holden at Paris, in said County on the third Tuesday of June, A. D. 1834.

THE undersigned respectfully represent, that a new County road is much needed, beginning near Col. Ebenezer Parsons, in Paris, aforesaid, and then running northwesterly along the valley, and varying as circumstances of the land require, until it strikes a road leading from Sumner to John Butterfield's; and that a further location of a county road is necessary, beginning at some convenient point on the road already prayed for, or near Luther Washburn's land, in said Paris, and thence in said Paris. The former location will accommodate the travel from Sumner, and is connected with the Sumner road—the latter will strike the Woodstock road, and is connected with the Woodstock road—and both are required for general public accommodation—and the undersigned pray that the same be located and established.

They further pray that the petition of Owen Gurney & others may be continued until a decision be had on this petition. ASAPH KITTRIDGE, & 59 others.

## STATE OF MAINE.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners, begun and holden at Paris within and for said County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of June, A. D. 1834.

ON the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the petitioners give notice to all persons and corporations interested, that the County Commissioners will meet at the School-house near Deane's mill, in Paris, on Saturday the twenty-fifth day of October next, at nine o'clock, A. M.; when they will proceed to view the route set forth in the petition; and immediately after such view, at the place of meeting, that all persons interested may then and there appear, and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Attest: R. K. GOODENOW, Clerk. A true copy of said Petition and Order thereon. Attest: R. K. GOODENOW, Clerk.

To the County Commissioners of the County of Kennebec now in session at Augusta, April Term, A. D. 1834.

THE undersigned respectfully represent that the public good requires a road to be located and established commencing at Cheney's mill, in Livermore, in the County of Oxford, thence southerly and easterly to near Joel Fuller's and Isaac Marston's, in said Livermore, and near Joseph Perkins in Fayette, in the County of Kennebec; thence to continue so as to reach the County road located by the County Commissioners near Amos Titton's, in said Fayette. We pray you to view and locate a road on said route, making such deviations from the intermediate points and embracing such parts of roads as may be necessary, as you may think proper, Signed, ELISHA PETTINGILL, & 143 others.

## STATE OF MAINE.

Kennebec, ss.—Court of County Commissioners, April Term, 1834.

ON the Petition aforesaid, satisfactory evidence having been received that the petitioners are responsible and ought to be heard touching the matter set forth in said petition, it is Ordered, that the County Commissioners of the County of Oxford, be requested to meet the Commissioners of this County at Walker's tavern, in Livermore, in said County of Oxford, on the sixth day of November next, at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of thence proceeding to view the route set forth in said petition; immediately after which view, a hearing of the parties and their witnesses will be had, and such other measures taken in the premises as the Commissioners shall adjudge to be proper. And it is further ordered, that notice be given to all persons and corporations interested, of the time, place, and purposes of said meeting, by causing attested copies of said petition and of this order to be served upon the County Attorney and the chairman of the County Commissioners of said County of Oxford, and upon the respective Clerks of the towns of Livermore and Fayette, and also posted up in three public places in each of said towns, and published in the Eastern Argus, being the public newspaper issued by the printer to the State, and in the Ago, a newspaper printed in the County of Kennebec, and in the Oxford Democrat, a newspaper printed in the County of Oxford.

All of said notices to be served, posted and published, thirty days at least before the time of said meeting, that all corporations and persons interested, may attend and be heard, if they see cause.

Attest: A. A. CHANDLER, Clerk. A true copy of the petition and order of Court thereon. Attest: J. A. CHANDLER, Clerk.

JOB WORK, Executed with neatness and despatch at this OFFICE

1000 Lambs

PELIS, wanted by Paris August 2, 1834. A. ANDREWS & Co.

## BICKNELL'S GEOGRAPHICAL CHART.

THE following recommendations will be sufficient to convince the public of the utility of this Chart. From A. Cummings, Editor of the Christian Mirror, Portland, Dec. 24, 1833.

Having been shown a Geographical Chart, in manuscript, prepared by Mr. William Bicknell, Jr., I cannot but regard it as an uncommonly ingenious device for communicating a knowledge of the most material parts of Geography.

The plan admits of great condensation of matter, and the proposed form of publishing will render it highly convenient for the study or the counting room.

Extract from the *Trumpet and Universalist Magazine*, Boston, July 5, 1834.

"This Chart stands approved as one of the easiest methods of teaching Geography which has yet been devised. It greatly abridges the labor of the instructor, and is a chart in a family is of essential service, for while it interests, it instructs, it is a youthful mind."

Extract from the *Boston Recorder*, June 21, 1834.

"We have had the pleasure of witnessing a most ingenious contrivance for exhibiting the outline of Geography in the form of a chart. The teacher will find it an invaluable help in the examination of his classes; and it is well adapted for families, combining amusement with instruction."

Extract from the *Essex Register*, Salem, July 21, 1834.

"An ingenious and valuable Geographical Chart, prepared by Mr. Wm. Bicknell, of Hartford, Me., has just issued from the press at Boston. It is admirably designed to abridge the labor of instructors, and would be useful in families, as well as in places of business. By its aid the youthful mind can at once receive instruction in all the most important branches of geographical knowledge, and the man of business or the votary of science can speedily obtain all the information, which without it would require the overhauling of several large volumes. We have seen high recommendations of the ingenious mode of communicating knowledge, from various respectable quarters, and we readily add our opinion that the author deserves the public patronage."

From *Zion's Advocate*, Portland, August 13, 1834.

GEOGRAPHICAL CHART.—We offered some remarks a few weeks since, commending geographical knowledge. We have since examined a chart which seems to us highly adapted to the acquisition of this kind of knowledge. If we learn, the invention of Wm. Bicknell, Jr. of Hartford, in this State. It is peculiarly adapted to promote comparative Geography. If, for example, you wish to learn the comparative representation of the several States in Congress, you have only to fix your eye on particular point, and turn a wheel on the back side of the map, and the representation of the several States will come up in succession. So if you wish to compare the provisions made in the several States for education, you have only to fix your eye on another point, and turn the same wheel, and your object is accomplished. We hope the ingenious inventor may meet with adequate encouragement.

The above work will be sold by EDWARD E. BENNETT & Co., Abington, Mass. And by their Agents in the principal towns in the United States. "One of the above Charts may be seen at this Office," is dw 3

## Albion Corn Plaster!

THE Albion Corn Plaster softens the Corn, however old and tough, and extracts it to the very roots. The relief afforded is gentle, immediate and thorough.

A Recent Case. Sir—I do not hesitate to give my most unqualified approbation in favor of your valuable Albion Corn Plaster. By the use of less than a box, Mrs. Stowell has been cured of a corn on each foot, which had been exceedingly troublesome and painful for years, and I think it but justice to your invaluable preparation to add, (for the encouragement of those who owing to recent disappointments in the various remedies resorted to, have finally despaired of a cure) that your Plaster cured her corns after trying other highly recommended remedies to no purpose; and, what increases my confidence in the superiority of your Plaster, is the fact, that it has been used by several of my neighbors with equally good success.

SETH STOWELL, Keeper of Toll House, S. Boston Bridge, Boston, June 17th. Price 50 cents.

## SORE AND INFLAMED EYES!

THE tedious, the weakly, and others who are troubled with soreness or inflammation of that delicate organ, will obtain a most pleasant and invaluable application in

## DUMFRIES' EYE WATER.

This well established Wash for the Eyes usually gives immediate relief, even in very aggravated diseases of soreness and inflammation. Price 25 cents.

## THE TOOTH-ACHE!

THIS agonizing disorder is cured in its most painful stages, by one of the most simple as well as powerful remedies known in modern practice.

## THE CAMBRIAN TOOTH-ACHE PILLS.

afford instant relief, without inflicting the slightest injury on the teeth. They are applied externally to the parts affected, with the greatest ease and expedition. Price 50 cents a box.

\*None genuine, unless signed on the outside printed wrapper by the sole Proprietor, T. KIDDER, successor to the late Dr. Conway. For sale, with all the other "Conway Medicines," at his Counting Room, No. 99, next door to J. Kidder's Drug Store, corner of Court and Hanover Streets, near Concert Hall, Boston; and also, by his special appointment, by SMITH & BENNETT, Norway-Village, who have also for sale all the justly celebrated Medicines prepared by him.

Large discounts to those who buy to sell again. vi [No. 4.] cswly



# DESCRIPTION OF THE GRAND PAWNEE VILLAGE.

From the New York American.

Immediately after our wild welcome by the different Pawnee chiefs, we started onward for the village. It appeared as if every man, woman and child, had looked upon the day of our arrival as one of jubilee; the boys had thrown aside their bows and arrows, the females had abandoned their drudgery, and the old men had ceased their songs of former victories, to paint themselves up for a festival; and now that the reception was over, and all the requisite awe of their nation had been impressed upon us, they threw aside the stern, unbending character of the Indian warrior, and pressed around us as we rode along, with all the kind hospitality of hosts, in receiving their most welcome guests.

In different directions, small bands of the young men would amuse themselves by dashing around the party at the full speed of their horses, and attempting to oust each other from their saddles by the violent collision of their animals. Occasionally a few would start off in a race across the plain, exerting their utmost skill to outstrip their competitors, and endeavoring by whooping and screaming, and by clattering their arms in the ears of their frightened steeds, to excite them even beyond the mad rate at which they were then sweeping over the prairie.

Others of the young men hung around the party, making their remarks concerning its different members, and occasionally exciting loud peals of laughter from their comrades, which however were frequently cut short by a stern word from one of the chiefs.

The whole road, from the plain to the village, was lined with women and children, who had not dared to approach during the formalities of our reception eagerly pressed forward to gaze upon so unwonted a sight as that of a white stranger entering freely into their village; and all anxious to gratify that curiosity which is peculiarly strong in the bosom of an Indian, more especially if that Indian be a female.

They were nearly all mounted on the backs of the little stiff maned drudge horses of the village, sometimes singly, but generally in clusters of two and three.

In particular, one wilted greyheaded old squaw with a family of four children under her charge, attracted our attention. She was mounted on a little wall-eyed, cream-colored poney, with a roach mane and bob tail. There was a lurking devil, looking out of his half-closed eye, the very antipodes of his rider, who sat upon his back like the picture of patience. Her charge she had arranged as well as could be expected from a person in her situation. One little fellow, whose two eyes gleamed like sparks of fire from beneath the long tangled hair, which nearly covered his face, was striding almost upon the neck of the horse, armed with a heavy Indian whip; one little one was dozing in her arms, another was clinging tightly to her back, and the face of a fourth, like the head of a caterpillar, just ready to emerge from a cocoon, was peering from the mouth of a leathern bag, which was lashed between her shoulders.

But though the old lady thus scrupulously divided the burden with her steed, he seemed far from satisfied with his situation, and at last determined in good earnest to rid himself of his incubator.

Tossing his head in the air, he commenced waltzing and capering around upon his hind feet, to the great discomfiture of the old squaw, who, reaching out both hands, clung with might and main to the high pommel of the Indian pack saddle, while two of the children, left to their own guidance, like so many monkeys, clung around the body of their protectress.

The horse, finding that the first experiment had not succeeded to his satisfaction, altered his plan of action, and planting his fore feet firmly upon the sod, in the next instant he flourished his heels as high in the air as his head was a moment before; but still his rider continued to cling desperately to the saddle, making use of every expression of Indian abjection and soothing, in a vain appeal to the sensibilities of the restive animal, who still continued his capers, to the great delight of the naked little elf who was perched upon his neck, evidently aiding and abetting the mutiny by a sudden switch of his whip, and occasionally casting back his sly laughing black eye upon the old lady and her brood, who were screaming and chattering behind.

At last the animal, finding that no physical force of his could free his back from the burden, and coming to the conclusion that the less time he spent in accomplishing his journey the shorter would be his ordeal, he started off at a full gallop for the village, and we caught our last glimpse of him as he dashed between the lodges of the town, urged on by the lash of his imp-like little rider.

When the party had once commenced its march it was not long before they reached the point of destination; for though the Indians crowded forward to satisfy their curiosity by gazing upon the arms and accoutrements of the whites, they yet remained at such a distance as to offer no resistance to their progress.

This rule of etiquette was, however, occasionally transgressed by the troops of untrammelled, gobling little urchins who hung upon the heels of the party, crowding in droves around the baggage wagons, and gazing with a mixture of terror and wild delight upon the weird movements of the oxen, who with rolling tongues and reeling steps, were almost inch by inch winning their way to the village.

Several times when a circle of little curious faces, anxious to see but ready to run, had formed around the team, a sharp, shrill scream

from more mischievous of the gang, would in an instant disperse all their rallied courage, and send them scampering at full speed over the prairie.

Another grand object of attraction was a negro belonging to the party, who trudged on in front, surrounded by a rabble crowd of women and children. From the first moment of our arrival he had been an object of intense curiosity, and had been gazed at with a mixture of fear and astonishment by the whole nation.

But there is an old saying, that "familiarity breeds contempt," and in this case it was verified, for, by degrees, the circle which formed around him at a respectful distance, became more and more compressed. It was in vain that he attempted to rid himself of their company, they swarmed around him like ants—if he quickened his pace, they did the same; if he lingered along, they were equally slow; and if he turned upon them they scattered in every direction; but after a while even this wore off, and they finally hemmed him in so that it was almost impossible to move for the crowd.

When they had thus closed upon him, the lurking spirit of devilry began, they pulled his pantaloons, and they jostled him until the perspiration, the effect of fear and his exertions, poured in streams down his face. At length one toothless grey-bearded old crone, attracted by the glistening appearance of a black leather cap, which was mounted upon his head, made a violent snatch, and seized hold of it; a hot scramble then ensued for the possession, which after much derangement to the wardrobe of the negro, and much detriment to the hides of the Indians, was obtained by the rightful owner, who had no sooner gained his property, than he opened his shirt, and placing it next his bosom, he buttoned his coat over it up to the chin, evincing his respect to the nation by performing the rest of the journey uncovered.

He was afterwards known among the Indians by the title of (Wah-sah-be) the Black Bear.

The Pawnee village is situated in the open prairie, at the foot of a long range of hills, and within about fifty yards of the Platte river, which at this place is about two miles broad, and is very shallow, being constantly lashed by the squaws, who visit the different islands, and obtain from them the only fuel and building materials to be found in this part of the country.

The lodges in the town are numerous and built close together, without regard to regularity; they are hemispherical in their shape, and are covered with earth to the thickness of several feet; they vary from twenty to thirty feet in height, and some of them are nearly ninety feet in diameter; the large circular or domelike roofs of the buildings are supported from the interior by pillars formed from the upright trunks of trees, and large birch or crab for sleeping are ranged around the interior, against the wall of the building.

In the centre, a hole is dug to contain the fire, the smoke of which is permitted to eddy through the building and escape at its leisure through the small hole in the roof, which forms the chimney, and at the same time lets in the day light which reaches the interior of the lodge.

On account of the scarcity of wood, several families congregated together in the same lodge and are seen throughout the whole day, lounging and sleeping before the fire, or gorging themselves from the large kettle filled with buffalo flesh, which is perpetually over the fire.

Upon entering the village, we found the tops of the lodges completely covered with women and children, whilst the area in front of the chief's dwelling was equally crowded. When we reached the front, the Chief, who had ridden in advance of the party, stepped from the dark passage which formed the entrance to his abode to meet us. He was completely enveloped in a robe of white wolf-skin, upon which was painted a hieroglyphic account of all the achievements he had ever performed in his different war parties. Upon the approach of Mr. E., he advanced towards him, and taking the robe from his own shoulders, he presented it to him, requesting him (through the interpreter) to keep it for his sake. He then ushered the party into his dwelling, pointing out the place allotted for the reception of the contents of the wagons, he called together a number of Indians, and gave them directions to assist in unloading, while in person he stood at the door watching the movements of his men, to prevent any attempt at pilfering—a crime too common, among the lower classes of an Indian village.

Nearly half an hour had elapsed in this way, during which time the lodge was becoming more and more crowded. One dark form after another glided with noiseless step over the threshold, moving across the lodge until they reached the darkest corners. Here they seated themselves upon the ground, and shrouding their shaggy robes around them, so as completely to screen the lower part of their faces, they fixed their unwavering gaze upon the strangers, while from the dark parts of the building their eyes seemed to shine out like glowing balls of phosphorus.

Not a word was spoken—no undertone conversation was carried on—but all was silence, save the hurried footsteps of those who were busy according to the directions of the chief. No jests were uttered, for we were now under the roof of their leader, and any word spoken in derogation of his guests would have called down a speedy return of vengeance.

Upon our first entrance in the lodge, a large kettle, which would contain about five gallons, had been filled with buffalo flesh and hard corn, and placed over the fire; and now that we had become fairly settled in our abode, and the business of unloading had in a measure passed away,

the wife of the chief (by-the-by he has five of them) poured the whole contents into a large wooden bowl, and arming each of us with a black dipper made of buffalo horns, made signs for us to fall to.

We did not wait for a second invitation, but immediately commenced an attack with both fingers and dippers into the mountain of food which was placed before us. We had not eaten since daylight; and it was now late in the day; and the appetites of the party, never particularly delicate, having increased in proportion to the length of their fast, the devastation was enormous. But every excess brings with it its own punishment: and our case was not an exception from the general rule; for scarce had we finished our meal, when a little Indian boy, half covered with a tattered buffalo skin, forced his way into the lodge, elbowing in among the warriors with all that transient air of consequence worn by little characters when charged with some mission of importance; he came to the side of the chief who was sitting near us, with his legs doubled under him after the Turkish fashion, and whispered in his ear.

The chief then rose and announced that the Long Hair, the second warrior of the village, had prepared a feast in honor of our arrival, and was waiting for the party to come and partake. There was some demurring as to the acceptance of this second invitation; but the interpreter informed Mr. E. there was no resource, as eating your way into the good will of the savages is one of the necessary accompaniments to the successful negotiation of an Indian treaty, and to plead that we had already eaten sufficient was useless, for that is a thing incredible to an Indian, who always carries with him an appetite proportioned to the quantity to be eaten and the opportunities of doing so; and let the latter come so often as it may, it invariably finds him prepared.

After some consultation, and seeing no remedy, we left our lodge, and followed our little guide through the intricacies of the village, to the dwelling of Long Hair. When we entered he was sitting upon the ground, and motioned us to a seat upon some dirty cushions of undressed hide, which had been placed for us by one of his wives.

He was a stern, gloomy looking man, with an anxious wrinkled brow, a mouth like iron, and an eye like fire: he evidently made efforts to be sociable, but it was not his nature, and during the whole feast, the stern unbending character of the Indian warrior was continually peering out from beneath the show of hospitality. He urged us to eat, and even attempted to smile; but it more resembled the angry snarl of a wild cat, than the outpourings of any pleasurable emotion. In short we liked him not, and hurried through our feast as soon as possible. When we had finished, and while a number of the party were smoking, in turn, from a large stone pipe, which the chief passed around, Mr. M., the physician attached to the party, rose up and slowly sauntered round the lodge, until he observed a small bundle of bones and skin, which hung from a pole crossing the centre of the lodge. Curious to know what it might contain, he reached out his arm to take hold of it—from the moment that he had left his seat, the brow of the chief had darkened, but he said nothing, contenting himself by narrowly watching the motions of his guest,—but no sooner had he touched the bundle, than the effect upon the frame of the Indian was like an electric shock: he half started, swelled like a puffed balloon, and his eyes shot fire, while, with clenched fists and extended arms, he shrieked out something between a yell and an imprecation upon the head of the astonished transgressor.

The secret was soon explained by the frightened interpreter. The bundle that had attracted the curiosity of the Doctor, was the medicine bag of the lodge; and by changing its position, he had been guilty of the greatest outrages which could have been inflicted upon the superstitious feelings of an Indian—and at another time might have paid dearly the forfeit of his rashness. As it was, at the earnest solicitations of the interpreter, he resumed his seat, and the anger of the chief passed away. Shortly after this, another courier arrived to invite us to another feast; and taking our leave, we followed him to the lodge of this other chief. This feast was exactly the same as the former; and ere we had finished, invitation after invitation came pouring in upon us, until after visiting ten or fifteen lodges, one after another, the different members of the party gave out, and returned to the abode of the chief.

Upon our return, Mr. E. assembled the different warriors, and after some consultation, the following day was appointed for holding a Council, to agree upon the terms of the treaty.

When this had been settled, the chief turned and spoke a few words to the heralds, who immediately started through the village, proclaiming to the nation the day appointed for the approaching Council.

While Mr. E. was thus engaged, the rest of the party had drawn together around the fire, and were discussing the different events of the day, when their attention was attracted by the motion of a bear-skin, forming the inner door of the lodge, which was slowly raised, and a female stepped timidly from the passage into the interior, and moved rapidly, and evidently with a desire to escape observation, into the darkest part of the lodge. Her whole appearance bespoke her a stranger. She was beautiful: and though a fearful being, she moved with the step of a queen among the wild horde around her. She was the wife of the Keoway Indian, and her dress was of a richness agreeing with his own. A bright band of silver was fastened a-

round her neck, a short jacket of small seal skin, the spoil of some pillaged caravan, edged with silver lace and bands, was secured around her waist and breast, with scarlet ribbons, and a long garment of blue cloth enveloped the rest of her form. Like her husband, she wore medals of silver upon her breast, and bracelets of the same upon her wrists; her moccasins, also were more finely ornamented than those of the Pawnee women, who were seated around, and who were engaged in offering to her all those nameless civilities due to a stranger and a guest.

From the moment of her entrance into the lodge, she had been the object of attraction to all eyes, and finding that it still continued, she withdrew into one of the berths, and dropping in front her screen of grass matting, she remained there for the rest of the day.

On Sunday afternoon, a gentleman and lady, (Isaac Hurd, Esq. of New Orleans, and a daughter of Dr. Thompson of Charlestown,) were riding through Newton towards Boston, and in crossing the Worcester road, near the Meeting House, their horse and chaise came in contact with the Locomotive Engine, and train of cars, which were also coming towards town. The horse was killed and the chaise was broken in pieces, but the gentleman and lady were thrown out, by the upsetting of the carriage, and escaped unhurt. They did not see or hear the engine until the moment it struck them, and they were not seen by the engine man, the view being interrupted by trees at the side of the road. Two of the cars were thrown from the rails, but were but slightly damaged, and the passengers received no injury.—Boston Patriot.

AN INCIDENT.—A friend of ours was passing down Sixth street on Friday afternoon, his attention was arrested by observing a large crowd assembled round the residence of a respectable female in the neighbourhood of Sixth and Spruce streets. On inquiring the cause, he was informed that a gentleman on horseback had rode into the entry of the lady's dwelling, and was then exhibiting feats of horsemanship in her front parlor. The inmates of the dwelling were not a little alarmed at finding their premises converted into a circus, and not being particularly pleased with some of his feats, hastened to a constable, who dismounted the gentleman and led both horse and rider out. The latter was, we presume, taken before a magistrate, and adequately rewarded.—Inquirer.

SUPERSTITION.—A few days since a gentleman's servant was driving along a piebald horse in a snaphope along the western road. In Newbury (Eng.) he was accosted by a young woman of very respectable appearance, who asked him what she should take to cure her of the hopping cough? The man very honestly said he did not know. The young woman then said, "If a person that has the hopping cough takes any thing that is directed to be taken by a man who is driving a piebald horse, it will be a certain cure." The man, on the strength of his piebald diploma, prescribed gin and water, and the parties separated. Last week the young woman again saw the servant with the piebald horse, when she informed him that she had taken the gin and water as he had directed, and it had cured her of the hopping cough in a very few days. Such a thing is faith!

A Doctor's Conscience.—A doctor in Brooklyn, N. Y. brought in a bill against a deceased patient's estate of three thousand five hundred dollars for seven months attendance. The New York Transcript mentions another case where a physician of that city charged two hundred dollars for ten days attendance. It was disputed, and left to arbitrators. Some half dozen of physicians were appointed to decide. It had better have been left to the plaintiff—for, as it turned out, a majority of the judges were in the habit of charging still higher than he. Their views, however, were various. One's conscience chalked as high as \$350; another's was content with 100; and the result was a sort of compromise, which gave the plaintiff two hundred and ten dollars, instead of the two hundred claimed by him!

Original Anecdote.—At a late Temperance convention in one of the towns, the hotels being some what crowded, a couple of gentlemen called at a private dwelling to get accommodated for the night. The man of the house coming in soon after they had departed, inquired of his active bustling helpmate the cause of so much unusual preparation and bustle. "Why, la," replied she, "don't you think we're going to have a couple of total abstinent alligators here to supper, and—'Alligators!' exclaimed the old man, "why, you mean delegates, don't you?" "O yes, 'tis delegates," replied she, "but no matter—it all magnifies the same meaning, you know,"—Bulletin.

The Steep's Son. A mechanic, passing along with his saw and axe in his hand, came up with a master sweep talking familiarly with a smart looking boy: "Is that your son?" inquired the mechanic. "Yes," replied the other, "he is." "You don't surely intend making a sweep of that fine little fellow, do you?" "If he behaves himself," rejoined the father, "I shall; but if he is not a good boy, I will bind him apprentice to a carpenter, or some such trade."

BLANKS FOR SALE, by ISAAC HARLOW. Paris-Hill, 1834.

## COLLECTOR'S NOTICE, in Fryeburg.

NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident proprietors and owners of the following lots and tracts of land in Fryeburg, County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that said lands are taxed in bills committed to me to collect, for the years 1831 and 1832, as follows:—

Description of property with names of owners if known	No. of Lots.	No. of Acres.	Value.	Tax for 1831.	Tax for 1832.	Total Tax.
part of 22	4	150	144	142	286	
part of	7	150	72	71	143	
Pine plain	3	30	14	15	29	
Meadow lot 1-4 p	4	21	10	10	20	
53	4	125	60	60	120	
4	4	150	72	71	143	
4	4	100	48	48	96	
150	72	72	72	72	144	
Meadow	9	242	248	246	494	
part of	2	242	116	114	230	
7	7	100	48	47	95	
150	72	72	72	72	144	
Upland	6	200	96	95	191	
do.	6	200	96	95	191	
Pine plain	18	221	106	104	210	
Intervale, S. part	19	4	30	30	60	
part of	4	30	14	14	28	
West part of	30	4	30	30	60	
43	4	63	140	63	191	
3	3	108	324	156	153	309
part of	6	27	130	127	257	
Intervale	15	5	72	72	144	
A lot adjoining Lovell's pond	2	100	48	47	95	
House, barn & lot formerly owned by Moses Patten	2	1000	474	474		
House & barn formerly occupied by America Wiley	2	200	95	95		
Improved land	15	300	142	142		
Unimproved land	16	186	92	92		
do.	20	80	34	34		
Lot & Shop adjoining S. A. Bradley's land	4	150	72	71	143	
Supposed David Webster	4	15	45	22	44	
1-4th part of Saw & Grist Mill	5	14	250	135	133	268
Pine plain (Cord man lot)	300	500	240	237	477	
Store and lot at the Corner	800	384	379	763		

And unless said taxes and all intervening charges are paid to me, on or before THURSDAY the 27th day of November next, no much of said land will be sold at Public Auction, on said day, at ten o'clock A. M., at my Store, in said Fryeburg, as will discharge the same. HENRY C. MUSWELL, Collector. Fryeburg, August 21, 1834. \* 3 w 2

## STATE OF MAINE. LAND OFFICE, BANGOR July 11, 1834.

TOWNSHIP number one, in the second range of Maine, west of Bangor, the Kennebec Purchase, also a gore of land lying North of Bangor, and South of Taunton and Bangor, and Sandwich Academy Grants and Township number three, in the first range of townships north of Bangor, the Kennebec Purchase, containing about three thousand acres, will be offered for sale at public Auction, at Bangor, on Thursday the twenty-fifth day of September next, at ten o'clock A. M. Conditions made known at the time of sale.

JOHN HODGSON, Land Agent of Maine. The Oxford Democrat, Eastern Argus, Age, and Skowhegan Sentinel, will publish this notice till the time of sale. 49

## Sheriff's Sale.

Oxford, ss: TAKEN on Execution, the same having been previously attached on the writ, and will be sold at Public Auction on Monday, the 13th day of October next, on the premises, at 10 o'clock P. M., all the right in Equity which Moses Eustis has of redeeming the following declared real Estate, situated in Jay, in said County, to wit:—The Farm on which said Eustis formerly lived, in Jay, being part of Lot No. 16 in the Seventh Range, and conceded as per mortgage from said Eustis to Oliver Fuller & others. The particulars will be given at the time and place of sale. N. MAYHEW, Deputy Sh'ff. Wilton, August 28, 1834.

## Notice!

CAME into the enclosure of the subscriber, about the first of September, one dark colored steer calf one dark colored heifer calf, and one light red steer calf. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges, and take them away. ORISON RIPLEY. Paris, September 9, 1834

## Commissioner's Notice.

THE undersigned, having been appointed by the Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, Commissioners on the Estate of WILLIAM RUSSELL, Jr. late of Fryeburg, hereby give public Notice that six months are allowed for the creditors to bring in and prove their claims, from the fifth day of August, 1834—and we shall be in Session the first Wednesday in October, December, and January, at the house of Widow Mary Russell, in Fryeburg, from ten o'clock A. M. to six P. M. STEPHEN FARINGTON. ISAAC FRYE. Fryeburg, August 29, 1834.

## Valuable Land For Sale.

THE valuable lot of land, situated in Paris, being the southerly part of lot No. 25 and 26, in the 6th Range, is offered for sale by the assignees of WILLIAM RIVER, at a great bargain. For information apply to THOMAS CLARK, Esq. of Paris, or to CHAS. B. BARRETT, MARTIN GORE, WM. C. MITCHELL, Assignees. Portland, July, 21 1834. 1138

## Auction!

WILL be sold at Public Auction on Saturday the 25th day of October next, at one o'clock P. M. at the premises 75 or 80 acres of land lying in Harford being part of Lot No. 1 in the 17th Range, and being the Farm that Isaac Bonney now lives upon. Also—Two other pieces of land lying not far distant, and it will be made known where at the time of sale, owned by Sampson Cole. DANIEL FLETCHER, Guardian of Sampson Cole. Buckfield, August 25, 1834. \* 3 w 3